

fitted for the task,

The last number of the "Academy"

contains a little critical writing about "Images of Good and Evil," by Mr. Arthur Symons, whom it rather unkindly calls "A Poet with the Heart-

human body than occupied by the

A poet is what he is, and it is idle

to complain that he is not something else. But when a poet has the gifts that Mr. Arthur Symons undoubtedly possesses, one cannot but regret that he

hould cultivate just one poor little field of all the world's pastures. His

a wan and weary muse; his philoso-by of life is attenuated and anaemic;

ill cries and laments and regrets. The

s tired of rapture, and he 'would wash the dust of the world in a soft green flood.' We have searched his book in

vain for one single, healthy emotion.

Even the spring is a distress:

Something has died in my heart: is it

death or sleep?
I know not, but I have forgotten the

And yet in his own perverse way Mr.

Symons is a poet. His diction is sim-ple, and often exquisite; many of his

passages have a haunting and melan-choly beauty, but it is the beauty of

A well known American writer ex-

presses himself as follows on the sub-ject of literary remuneration: At the present moment of writing the twentieth century may be likened

unto a cornucopia bursting with possi-

bilities of all sorts, upon which most us are looking with feelings of interest and anxiety. That the hundred years

period that lies before us will prove sensationally rich in material progress,

in new inventions and in the develop-ment of electricity and other forces

even less understood, is something not to be doubted. But a subject of far

greater importance to my mind-be

cause I am vitally interested in it my-self—is what this cornucopia contains

In the way of rewards for literary ef-fort; and I may add that I am much

more deeply interested in the plums at the top, representing, let us say, the first two decades of the century than in those at the bottom, which will not

e poured out until the last. Far be it from me to write anything

that might encourage the incompetent to rush into literature or drift into journalism—to quote the usual phrasea—but my firm belief is that we are just entering upon a period in which the high class poster as restricted in the literature.

high class writer or specialist in litera-ture will enjoy a far greater degree

f prosperity than any of his kind have

tion improves during the next twenty

"Is your mamma cross? Mine is

awful cross! Does your mamma say

little bit of a noise? My mamma does.

The mother who overheard this ac-count of herself would feel heart-broken

to think of the shadow cast by her misery

on those she loved. Yet her condition is

point of torture. Lack of appetite and loss of sleep increase her weakness.

Such a condition may, in general be

Her nerves are strained to the

She has nerves, papa says."

real.

'Hush!' when you laugh or make a

meaning of spring.'

emotion, not of feeling.

never escapes from himself. He is

#### RECOGNITION.

mazed and dumb with almost human Applanding hosts of hell draws near lay war with Destiny.

AUGURY.

The time is due, nor may be long in coming with the clear, bull volume of a brave new song. The birds will licish to hear.

IMPOTENT. These things, too mighty for man they

chained sea; furious wind that masterly flies, the mocking light of rainless skies. ale horse, stalking far abroad, ch man the little, to call on God. -Margaret E. Sangater.

#### THE LATTER-DAY POET.

ain't very much of a poet; in' so while my star-gazin' brother kin tickle the gods with his pen, josh along somehow er other, And jes keep a-writin fer men.

know 'at he's blissfully dwellin' With both o' my feet on the ground

ever have tackled a sonnet couldn't write one of I tried, put all the folderois on it thout gittln' somepin' inside. r I understand ef you fix it At no one kin tell what you mean.

mind ain't forever a-strayin' ight there like the bump of a log, now I'm too cheerful to "strike it; aln't got no "study" ner "den;" re with my folks an' I like it. An' jes keep a-writin' fer men.

e Indignation in a moment storms! cheat, bribe, steal, thrust orphans out of doors, Indignation in its armebair snores, arry Lyman Koopman in Morrow

ock old proprieties, cross local forms,

INDIGNATION.

#### NOTES.

Illiam Dean Howells, the foremost see in American letters today, is to see of the literary advisers to the ganized house of Harper & Brothdepartment of the "Easy Chair"

bers angazine, made famous by the William Curtis, and abandone'd his death, is to be revived by Mr. elb, and he will also contribute far critical articles on contemporaor affairs to the North Amerihal arrangement Messrs, Har-

orahers have secured from Mr. s both periodical and book to all of his future works. ers Magazine was established bonald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel)

artis began his work in connec-th the "Easy Chair" in 1853, and d the position until shortly betells' association with the

s has been of long standing, and years he conducted the sludy," a department of lite-ament and criticism which hap-splemented the "Easy Chair," a have appeared neglally in Har-Magazine, the most notable being it saver Wedding Journey," which

traced to disease of the delicate womanly organism, a cure for which is found in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and inattained a greater onal books of

the December

Will be

nerves, encourages the appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

"I had been a constant sufferer from uterine disease for five years" writes Mrs. J. A. Steorts, of Yankee Dam, Clay Co., West Virginia, "and for six months previous to taking your medicine I was not out of my room. Could not walk or stand, as there was such pain and drawing in left side and bearing-down weight in region of uterus, accompanied with soreness. I suffered constantly with headache, pain in back, shoulders, arms and chest; and could not sleep nor lie down. When I had taken three bottles of the medicine the periods were regulated, I was not so nervous, could sleep well, and the pain in side and bearing down had vanished. My health is better at this time than it has been in five years."

Dr. Pierce's Pelleta stimulate the liver. Dr. Pierce's Pellets stimulate the liver.

years in the same proportion that it has during the past two decades, he will have no reason to complain of his tot.

When I consider the state of the writer of twenty years ago, the small prices which his work commanded and the wretchedly small market that was open to him. I feel that we of the present day have ample cause for thanks. giving. In 1880 there were but three maga-

In 1880 there were but three magazines of any importance—Harper's. The Century and The Atlantic—and it was not until about that time that the first named was forced by the example of its most formidable rival. The Century, into printing the signatures of its authors. Unless my memory fails me "McLeod of Dare" was printed in the early part of this year without

looked down upon us was indeed a wide one in those days, and I used to fancy that I could detect a glance of conscious superiority on the face of nearly every one of those "immortals," and there were not more than forty of them at that time

They had but scant reason for undue pride, for there was scarcely one of them who made as much money as the best reporters, and even when they developed from magazine hacks into novelists, their rewards were not much better. Even the very best literary nen of the day, Holmes, Longfellow, Bryant, Stedman and Stoddard found it advisable to follow some other calling besides literature in order to provide themselves with the comforts and lux-

As for the American dramatist, he was simply an object of general ridi-cule twenty years ago. When Julian Magnus and Emile Lancaster actually succeeded in selling "Conscience" to Clara Morris, and when Bronson How-And began to be regarded seriously, and A.M. Palmer and Augustin Daly bought a play apiece from Edgar Fawcett, some of us thought that the millennium was at hand, but not one of us could have foretold the good fortune that was in store for certain American dramatists of the year 1990 and thereabouts.

The twenty years just past have done more for the American literary man. ache." We copy, says the Even-ing Post, a portion of what it, says, as equally applicable to certain of our young American versifiers, the majority of whose aches appear to emanate from a lower portion of the

more for the American literary man than the eighty that preceded them. And not the least among the many blessings which these two decades have bestowed is the invention of the type-writer, which enables him to double his output without additional labor. In place of the three great magazines, there are now at least half a hundred periodicals that pay good prices, to say nothing of the daily newspapers, and

nothing of the daily newspapers, and particularly their Sunday editions, many of which print signed contributions from the very best and most distinguished writers in the world.

I have a firm belief in the betterment of the literary man's condition during the years that lie directly before us, and that belief is based on the pop-ularity of the one cent newspapers and sun never shines upon him, the birds never sing. He is tired of sorrow, he their five cent Sunday editions. They are spreading the reading habit among classes that formerly read nothing but the bare news of the day, and are adding every year to the enormous number

> The following letter which appeared in the New York Evening Post recently has caused semething like a sensation in magazine circles: To the Editor of the Evening Post:

> Sir: Will you be kind enough to let me explain in your columns that the novel entitled "The Congressman's Wife." which appears in the January name attached is not printed as I wrote it, and is published as it stands against my protest? When it came to me in proof, I found that the editor. Mr Arthur Grissom, had made an appulling number of verbal changes, all unnecessary, many trifling or silly, several ludicrous, two containing errors of speech. In one instance the original phrase has been restored; but the other changes have all been retained. Some of them I did not object to—they were of so little consequence. I did wonder, however, why these should have been made at all. Three or four seemed to veyed the meaning. The quality of the editing may be judged from this characters, a young graduate of Harvard, a Northerner, had remarked, "Well, I guess it's all over," the editor made him say, "It looks like it's all over." other phrases, Mr. Grissom declared that he had "merely edited the manuscript according to the elegancies of The Smart Set." I then tried to with draw the story; but Mr. Grissom re-

JOHN D. BARRY. fused to give it up.

R. H. Russell has issued a large and unique Bernhardt souvenir. This is a departure of the usual run of the Russell souvenirs in that it contains 26 pages, with a historical and critical sketch of Madame Bernhardt with an autograph introduction by herself. There are sixty-five splendid pictures showing her in all her famous roles and in her home, together with a portrait of her in her girlhood, and reproductions of many cartoons and other drawings of her by well-known artists. The price of this is 50 cents. It constitutes a notable addition to the Russei list of theatrical publications,

The first of a series of stories by Carmen Sylva (Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania) which the Woman's Home Companion will print during 1901 will appear in the February number of that magazine. It is entitled "A Festival in Heaven," and is illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

The minor poets of England, who are hardly as multitudious as the minori-ties of America have lately had a romising addition in the person of Mr Gilbert Chesterton, who has just published "The Wild Knight and Other Poems," which, amid a good deal of Poems," which, amid a good deal of immaturity, contains several strong things of an individual kind. Here is one of them:

### VULGARIZED.

All around they murmur, "O profane, Keep thy heart's secret hid as gold;' But I, by God would sooner be Some knight in shattering wars of old.

In brownish outlandish arms to ride, And shout my love to every star With lungs to make a poor maid's name Defeat the iron ears of war,

Here, where these subtle cowards crowd,
To stand and so to speak of love.
That the four corners of the world

Should hear it and take heed thereof. That to the shrine obscure there be One witness before all men given, As naked as the hanging Christ, As shameless as the sun in heaven.

These whimperers-have they spared to One dripping woe, one reeking sin?
These thieves that shatter their own graves

To prove the soul is dead within, They talk: by God, it is not time Some of Love's chosen broke the girth

In the last number of the London Academy is a symposium of opinious from famous literary men on books which have appeared in 1900. Among them Frederic Harrison says that "the only first-class book of 1900 has been Maurice Hewett's "Richard Yea and Nav."

Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson has written a charming book in "A Woman Tenderfoot," which she has illustrated with a great variety of pictures, many of them in the margin. It is a record of her open air life in her frequent hunting trips with her husband, and it includes a good deal of her philosophy, which is In the early part of this year without William Black's name. The Century was looked upon as the highest reward of merit, and the young writer who sueceeded in selling a story or poem to this magazine was considered well along on the road to fame.

Between the magazines which offered little else but glory to those who were not on the upper rounds of the ladder, and the daily newspapers from which is cook, who whiled away the time by giving her the full details of the three mere he had killed last before he was not on the upper rounds of the ladder, and the daily newspapers from which most of us gained our bread, there yawned a wide gulf, dotted here and there with such stepping stones as Puck Wild Oats, Frank Leslie's Weekly to which were added later the Mexicology was a supplied to the Mexicology which were added later the Mexicology was also were added later the Mexicology was a supplied to the Mexicology was a supplied to the Mexicology which were added later the Mexicology was a supplied to the Mexicology was a supplied alrous and kind to women, than she would have been with some Eastern dudes. The author gives practical hints cates, Judge, Life, and a host of other growing periodicals. The gulf that yawned between Park Row and the serene literary heights from which the magazine aditors and contributors tooked down until the magazine aditors. camping, with suggestions in regard to costume and methods of securing the greatest comfort. The book will be a delight to any one who is fond of life in the open air. (New York: Double-day, Page & Co.)

"The House Behind the Cedars," by Charles W. Chesnutt, is a North Carolina story of a quarter of a century ago, and an illustration of the rigid social degradation attaching to an attaint of negro blood, even though invisible to the eye, It is a well told story, without race offense or direct moralizing, of a beautiful North Carolina village girl who, while on a visit to her brother in South Carolina, a lawyer of repute and unquestioned social standing, wins the heart of a young man of aristocratic instincts, and engages herself to him in marriage. A business matter taking him to the village of her birth, he there incidentally learns that there is a re-mote attaint of negro blood in the veins of herself and brother, not discernable to the eye, and at once cancels his marriage engagement by letter, reluctantly giving his reason therefor. He dare not brave public opinion by giving her his name. They are sincerely attached, and the blow is severe to both. She utters no complaint, but bravely bears the burden of her grief. She becomes a teacher among the lowly, and finally passes peacefully away, while he is hastening to ask her forgiveness.

"The Conscience of Coralie," by F. Frankfort Moore, is the story of a bright young American girl, whose in-dulgent millionaire father, engrossed in the business of feeding Europe through the avenues of cold storage, permits her to swell the measure of her accomplishsnares are laid for her, in some of which she barely escapes entanglement, but she emerges from the campaign with the approval of her conscience and the man of her choice at her feet. The story is full of social movement, polities, diplomacy, intrigue and love, with something of a sprinkling of nonsense, but on the whole the continuous is a continual strain upon the vision of the pupils.

It is a common thing in school buildbut on the whole the culmination is attractively arranged and served with

#### MAGAZINES.

The January Outing is full of good things that will appeal to sportsmen or lovers of life in the open air. Among the features are Charles G. D. Roberts' "The Moonlight Trails:" Howard E. "The Moonlight Trails!" Howard E. Hillegass' "Portuguese East Africa as a Hunting Field." T. S. Van Dyke's "Gambel's Partridge, the Elusive Game Bird of Artzona," and "The Ploneer Sportsmen of America," by Charles Hallock, with many pictures of veterans. Football enthusiasts will find not only a critical review of the season, but an article on the teams at West Point and Annapolis. The number is richly and Annapolis. The number is richly

The Living Age, which comes weekly and is full of the best foreign literature announces for the new year two serials announces for the new year two schals, "A Parisian Household," a clever story of Parisian high life, by Paul Bourget, translated by Mary D. Frost, and Edmondo de Amicis' striking autobiographical sketches, "Memories of My Childhood and School Days," A noteworthy feature of recent numbers has been Dr. Morrison's papers on the siege of Pekin. The Living Age gives an American reader the cream of the Eng-lish and Continental reviews for \$6 a It is printed by The Living Age

"Mind" for January opens with an article by Canon Basil Wilberforce of Westminster Abbey, London, entitled, "God Is Love," which, a foot note states, embodies the substance of a sermon delivered by Canon Wilberforce in Westminster Abbey some time ago. Permission to publish it in Mind was given by the distinguished spenk. was given by the distinguished speaker to Editor Patterson, who had the pleasure of listening to the discourse when he was on his last visit in Eng-land. In "The Doctrine of Non-Resist-ance" John Hay Chapman discusses the logical and scientific application of that exceedingly problematic doctrine "Resist not Evil" to the experience of life.
"The World We Live In," is an article
by S. F. Meachern, M. D., in which the
author states the result of scientific that the universe is a mental and in no way a sense-conception. "Social In-fluence of the Fine Arts," "Religious Training in Public Schools," and "Soul Growth" are other important articles in the number, and the magazine departs from its usual line in presenting a serial story, "Mata the Magician," a serial story, "Mata the Magician,"
the first chapter of which promises an
interesting portrayal of occult phenomena and incident.

The departments are unusually attractive and the complete number up to
its usual excellent standard.—Alliance
Pub. Co., New York.

The serial story now running in the Youth's Companion entitled "Tilda Jane" is one of the most fascinating that has appeared in recent years. The story is of a walf of an orphan assy-lum who runs away from her unsympa-thetic guardians, and whose adventures in cluding the search made for her make most interesting material for the

make most interesting material for the Companion's readers.

A clever short story is "Curtis's Orange Crop," and the noted writer of animal stories, Ernest Seton Thompson has an interesting story of a dog.

A thrilling incident of adventure is related in the story of an Indian boy saving the life of his companion who has fallen from a cliff to the edge of a has fallen from a cliff to the edge of precipice, by tying a rope to his own ankle in order to make it long enough to reach the unfortunate victim of the accident. The departments are also made up of articles of unusual interest.

—Pery Mason Co., Boston.

#### In His Good Time.

The old doctor had measured out the soothing powders and fastened his sad-dle bags. His patient lived in a lonely farmhouse, far from drug-shops and

neighbors.
"This medicine is only to quiet the pain?" she asked, as her mother took it from him and went out.

"There is nothing more to be done, The old man took her hand and stroked it gently for his only answer. She was a gaunt, middle-aged woman who had suffered for many years. He wondered why she wished to stay any

wondered why she wished to stay any longer. He had known her since she was a child, and he could speak candidly to her. They were alone. She had been a faithful Christian woman.

He held up the lean hand, of which every knuckle was distorted by pain.

"These clothes are nearly worn out, Sarah," he said, tenderly. "It is time you had a new garment."

"Yes," she cried passionately, "if I knew that God would give it to me! But what do we know of that place there beyond? Nobody has come back to tell us!"

The doctor was slient, watching her anxiously. She was in no condition for

This old body is ugly and worn out, I know," she went on, excitedly, "but it is I! I cannot think of myself in any other shape. And in a few days it will be rutting yonder up on the hill. Where shall I be then?"

The old man walked up and down the room. He knew that the end was near. How could be help her? Suddenly he

How could be help her? Suddenly be came back bringing a little pot in which bloomed some mignonette.

"Sarah," he said, "a few weeks ago I saw you plant some little black seeds in this earth. Out of them has come this beautiful, fragrant thing. The black hosks of the seed still lie rotting in the earth. 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, . . . shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

"Give it to me!" she said, quickly.

He placed the little pot in her hands.
Her eves were full of sudden tears. The

old man went out quietly and left her alone with God and the poor little com-forter that He had sent. The next day the doctor was summoned in haste, but when he came he found that she had already thrown aside her old garments and had gone to be clothed anew by Him who makes all things beautiful in His own good time.

#### Too Hurried.

A "tenderfoot" who was trying his luck on a Western ranch was at first horrified by the table etiquette which

horrified by the table eliquette which prevailed among his associates.

One day his feelings evidently came so near the surface that a cowboy whose performances with a table-knife of unusual size had aroused the tender-foot's amazement, paused with another knifeful of food half-way to his lips.

"What's the matter?" inquired the comboy with disconnecting promitings. cowboy with disconcerting promptness in the tone of one who means to be an swered.
"Ab-er-nothing," hastily responded

the tenderfoot. "Look here," cried the cowboy, with an accompanying thump of his unoccu-ped hand on the table, "I want you to understand that I've got manners, but I haven't get time to I haven't got time to use 'em-that's all!"

## EYES OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Vision Impaired by the Defects af School Buildings.

The number of children wearing specments by a visit to aristocratic and tacles whom one meets in the stree titled friends in England, to one of the gives rise to the reflection that in a with these advantages supplemented by the more solid attraction of unlimited dollars, she is everywhere given something more than a kindly greeting. She is beset by fortune hunters, and shares are laid for her, in some of which room, for it is there, in nine cases out of ten, that injury is first done to the delicate organs of vision. Even in the most modern buildings erected for eduopties, causing a continual strain upon the vision of the pupils.

It is a common thing in school building architecture to place the black board between two windows, with the result that the little ones are blinded by a glare in their endeavors to deci-pher indistinct gray chalk marks on a shining black surface. The character of the print in the average textbook too, has to bear the blame for the condition of many nearsighted children while the pernicious habit of studying at home at night has made its thou sands blind.

Some day the parents and educational authorities of the land will awaken to the fact that they are raising half blind men and women to carry on the world's work, and then there will be a change in school methods, so far, a change in school methods, so tar, at least, as they relate to the science of opties. This science, by the way, is taught in our schools from an early grade, but those who teach do not seem to take any interest in the examples of its misapplication that are continually before them. before them.

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## CONFERENCE PAMPHLET.

The verbatim report of the proceedings of the seventy-first semi-annual conference of the Church is now printed and for sale at the Descret News office.
The pamphlet also contains an account
of the General Conference of the Deseret S. S. Union, held Oct. 7, 1990. Price per copy postpaid, 15 cents.

# Nervous Prostration.

A Noted Boston Woman Describes its Symptoms and Terrors.-Two Severe Cases Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



"I am so nervous! no one ever suffered as I do! There isn't a well inch in my body. I honestly believe my lungs are diseased, my chest pains me so, but I have no cough. I am so weak at my stomach, and have indigestion terribly, and palpitation of the heart; am losing flesh; and this headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I had hysterics.

"There is a weight in the lower part of my bowels, bearing down all the time, with pains in my groins and thighs - I can't sleep, walk, or sit, and blue - oh goodness! I am simply the most miserable of women."

This is a most vivid description of a woman suffering with nervous prostration, caused by inflammation or some other diseased condition of the womb.

No woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is no need of it. Read about Miss Williamson's case and how she was cured.

Two Bad Cases of Nervous Prestration Cured.

often I could not lie down at all without almost suffocating. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like magic. I feel that your medicine has been of inestimable benefit to me."

MISS ADELE WILLIAMSON, 196 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM; - I | "I had nervous prostration was suffering such tortures terribly, caused by female from nervous prostration that | weakness. I suffered everylife was a burden. I could | thing; was unable to eat, not sleep at all, and was too | sleep, or work. After a while weak to walk across the floor. I was induced to try Lydia E. My heart was affected so that | Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I really began to improve on taking the first bottle. I continued to take the medicine, and am now better in every way, and feel like a different person. I am simply a well woman."

MRS. DELLA KEISER, Marienville, Pa.

S5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission.

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During this month, I will offer to all a trial bottie of my world renowned Face Bleach, sufficient to show that it is all that I claim for it, and any reader of this can send me 25 cents in stamps or silver, and I will send the trial bottle, securely packed in plain wrapper, scaled, all charges remaid. my book 'How to be Beautiful' will be

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Made. Ruppert's Almona Off Completion Soap, made of pure almond off and wax. Delightful for the complexion and war-santed not to chap the most delicate skin. All of the above tollet preparations are aways kept in stock and can be had from our local agent. Mine, A. Ruppert's Celebrated Com-

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